

MARVEL PICTURES AND TV STUDIOS

ROGGY LAKE

WESTERN

10+





ROCKY LANE WESTERN

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified
on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE * COWBOY WESTERN HEROES * CRIME AND JUSTICE * FUNNY ANIMALS
EHH! dig this crazy comic * HAUNTED * HOT RODS AND RACING CARS * THE THING
LASH LARUE WESTERN * ROCKY LANE WESTERN * ZOO FUNNIES * SIX-GUN HEROES
ROMANTIC STORIES * SCIENCE-FICTION ADVENTURES * STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
SWEETHEARTS * TEX RITTER WESTERN * TRUE LIFE STORIES & TV TRENDS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

Rocky Lane

REPUBLIC PICTURE STAR



WHOA, BLACK JACK!
THIS IS WHERE WE WANT
TO GO OR WE SHOULD
SAY HAVE TO GO. NO
ONE IN HIS RIGHT MIND
WOULD EVER GO IN
HERE INTENTIONALLY!

THE FLAMING FLAMINGO IS A HIDE-OUT FOR
CUTTHROATS AND CROOKED GAMBLERS!
THE INNOCENT WHO ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLE
WITHIN ITS PORTALS RARELY LIVE TO TELL WHAT
THEY SAW! AND IF ANYONE DARED TO GUES-
TOW THE GOINGS ON, THEY HAD TO ANSWER TO
THE FLAMING FLAMINGO'S GUARDIAN, THE HUMAN
GORILLA, BATES!

AT A SHACK JUST OUTSIDE CACTUS GULCH...



THERE GOES GORILLA BATES
AND HOLBROOK.. THE OWNER OF
THE FLAMING FLAMINGO GAMBLING
HALL.. INTO POOR ZEKE'S CABIN.
TIM CARPENTER: THERE'S GONNA
BE TROUBLE! IT'S NONE OF MY
BUSINESS BUT MAYBE I'D
BETTER GO TELL THE
SHERIFF!



HOLBROOK!
GORILLA! BATES?
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

WHAT DO YOU THINK,
ZEKE? YOU OWE THE FLAMINGO
FIVE HUNDRED
DOLLARS IN GAMBLING
DEBTS FOR OVER THREE
MONTHS? PAY UP
NOW OR ELSE...!

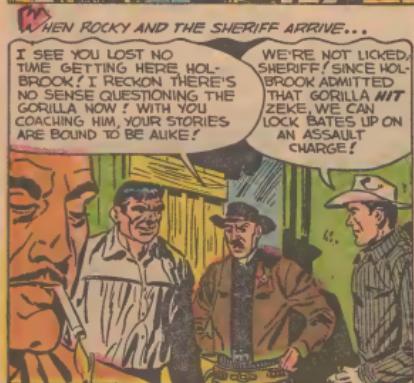
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

YOU CRAZY FOOL! THAT'LL ONLY MAKE THE LAW ANGRIER! EVEN IF THEY LOCKED YOU UP THEY COULDN'T HOLD YOU. WITHOUT ZEKE TO PRESS CHARGES, THEY'D HAVE TO LET YOU GO! NOW BE SMART AND GIVE YOURSELF UP!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ROCKY?

MY HEAD'S SPINNING LIKE A TOP! AND HE DIDN'T EVEN HIT ME A CLEAN PUNCH! I HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE EVER HIT ANYONE SQUARELY ON THE BUTTON!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

A

FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE FLAMING FLAMINGO...



WE REALIZED EVERYONE'S AFRAID OF HIM! IF THEY KNEW HE WAS THE TRUE OWNER, THEY WOULDN'T COME IN HERE TO GAMBLE! THAT'S WHY HE BOUGHT THE PLACE IN MY NAME! ALL I GET IS A MEASLY PITTANCE FOR FRONTING FOR HIM!



YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND THIS OUT SOONER OR LATER, LUCY, SO I RECKON I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THE TRUTH. COME INSIDE!

I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU, HONEY, NOT TO REPEAT ANYTHING I SAY! BUT THE TRUTH IS THAT I DON'T OWN THE FLAMING FLAMINGO! GORILLA IS THE REAL BOSS!

I DON'T GET IT!



THEN WHY DON'T YOU QUIT AND OPEN UP A PLACE OF YOUR OWN?

I CAN'T QUIT! GORILLA IS THE ONLY OTHER PERSON BESIDES YOURSELF WHO KNOWS THAT I ESCAPED FROM DOWN YHELL GO TO THE LAW AND TELL THEM ALL ABOUT ME! I'M STUCK HERE UNLESS I WANT TO END UP BACK IN PRISON! GORILLA'S MADE A SLAVE OF ME AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT!



I THINK DIFFERENTLY! SINCE THE FLAMING FLAMINGO IS IN YOUR NAME, IT WOULD BE ALL YOURS IF BARRY GOT KICKED OFF! AND WHAT'S MORE, THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYONE LEFT TO EXPOSE YOUR PAST!

IF YOU'RE THINKING I SHOULD TRY TO KILL HIM, LUCY, IT'S NO GO! I SNEAKED INTO HIS CABIN ONE NIGHT WHEN I THOUGHT FOR SURE HE'D BE SLEEPING! BUT...



HE MUST HAVE SUSPECTED I WAS UP TO SOMETHING! AS I CREEPT IN, HE CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD AND GAVE ME THE BEATING OF MY LIFE!

AND THE NEXT TIME YOU TRY ANYTHING LIKE THIS, HOLBROOK, WILL BE THE LAST TIME!



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SHORTLY AFTER...

NOW JUST DROP THE BODY ON THE FLOOR AND I'LL LEAVE THE GORILLA'S WATCH FOB! THAT'Ll DEFINITELY TIE BATES UP WITH THE KILLING!



WHAT? DON'T TELL ME THIS IS YOUR PLAN? IF I KNEW IT I'D NEVER HAVE WASTED ALL THIS TIME? IT'S NO GOOD, LUCY! THE GORILLA KNOWS I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW WHERE HE HID THE BODY! HE'LL KILL ME FOR TRYING TO DOUBLE CROSS HIM!

RELAX! DEAD MEN CAN'T KILL!



BUT THE GORILLA'S NOT DEAD!

HE WILL BE.. MIGHTY SOON! THE GORILLA'S THE TOUGHEST HOMBRE IN THESE PARTS. THE LAW KNOWS THE ONLY WAY TO CAPTURE HIM IS TO KILL HIM!



BUT UNTIL THEY DO KILL HIM, MY LIFE'S IN DANGER IF WE GO THROUGH WITH THIS! I'M GOING TO TAKE THE BODY BACK AND BURY IT!

NO YOU DON'T! AS SOON AS THE LAW HEARS ABOUT THIS KILLING, THEY'RE GOING TO ROUND UP A POSSE TO GET BATES! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS

STICK CLOSE TO THE JAIL-HOUSE. EVEN IF GORILLA SHOULD DECIDE TO COME AFTER YOU, SOMEONE'S BOUND TO SHOOT HIM BEFORE HE CAN REACH THE CENTER OF TOWN!



YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT, LUCY! MY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!

OF COURSE I'M RIGHT! BY MORNING YOU'LL BE THE OWNER OF THE FLAMING FLAMINGO, AND I'LL BE YOUR WIFE. NOW LET'S GET BACK TO TOWN SO I CAN TIP OFF THE LAW THAT I HEARD GORILLA SAY HE WAS GOING OUT TO GUS' SHACK!



DAWN...

GORILLA SURE DID VISIT GUS, AND THIS TIME WE'VE GOT GUS' BODY TO PROVE IT! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT I FOUND BATE'S WATCH FOB NEAR THE VICTIM! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK HIMSELF OUT OF THIS!

I ROUNDED UP A POSSE JUST LIKE YOU ASKED, ROCKY! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?



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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



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A AND AS GORILLA CLOSES IN ON THE MARSHAL...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



AND AS ROCKY LEADS THE BEATEN GORILLA BACK TO TOWN...

(GULP!) LOOK, LUCY! HE TOOK RATES ALIVE! IF BATES HASN'T DONE IT ALREADY, HE'LL SURELY SQUEAL ON ME NOW! I GOTTA BEAT IT!

I'M GOING WITH YOU, HOLBROOK! DON'T FORGET, I'M MIXED UP IN THIS, TOO!



AS THEY TRY TO RUN OFF...

NO YOU DON'T!
FROM WHAT I'VE
HEARD, HOLBROOK,
YOU'VE GOT AN UNFINISHED
JAIL SENTENCE TO COMPLETE!
AND AS FOR YOUR GIRLFRIEND,
LUCY, SHE'S NOT EXACTLY
INNOCENT EITHER!



CATER...

GORILLA SURELY WILL SWING FER MURDER, ROCKY! AS FER HOLBROOK, HE NOT ONLY HAS TO FINISH HIS SENTENCE, BUT WILL HAVE TO FACE A NEW ONE, TOO, FOR ACTING AS BATES ACCOMPLICE! AND LUCY... SHE'LL DO TIME FER SHIELDING AN ESCAPED CONVICT!



WELL, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER HERE, SHERIFF. SO I RECKON I'LL BE MOSEYING ON!

SO LONG, ROCKY! THANKS AGAIN FER CLEANING UP THIS MESS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane in CURTAINS FOR CURLY

STOPPING FOR THE NIGHT IN A SMALL TOWN, ROCKY LANE DISCOVERS SOME UNUSUAL ENTERTAINMENT...

FAMOUS PRAIRIE MAGICIAN, EH?
I CAN'T SAY I EVER HEARD OF THIS CURLY CARTER... BUT IT SEEMS LIKE AN INTERESTING WAY TO SPEND A FEW HOURS! RECKON I'LL GO INSIDE AND BE AMAZED.

*IN PERSON
Curly Carter*

SEE THE FAMOUS PRAIRIE MAGICIAN MAKE YOUR MONEY VANISH!

WELL, I'LL BE HORSE-WHIPPED... IF IT AIN'T ROCKY LANE! WHAT YOU DOING IN THESE PARTS, MARSHAL?

SHERIFF HUDSON! I RODE IN A FEW MINUTES AGO... THEY TOLD ME DOWN AT THE JAIL YOU WERE GONE FOR THE DAY AND I CAME IN HERE TO KILL SOME TIME!

MAKING MONEY VANISH, ILL BET!

THIS FELLER'S GOOD, CONSARN IT! I HEAR TELL HE ENDS THE SHOW WITH THE BEST TRICK OF ALL...

...AND FOR THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE EVENING, FOLKS, I'D LIKE ALL THE LAWMEN IN THE AUDIENCE TO COME UP TO THE STAGE. IS THE TOWN SHERIFF HERE... OR... ?

C'MON, ROCKY... LET'S HELP THE FELLER OUT! IT'LL SORTA MAKE US PART OF THE SHOW!

NOW IF YOU TWO GENTLEMEN WILL JUST PUT YOUR SMOKEPOLES HERE ON THIS TABLE... WHERE THEY'LL BE OUT OF HARM'S WAY... I'LL GO ON WITH THE MOST SPECTACULAR STUNT OF ALL!

LET'S DO LIKE HE SAYS, ROCKY! HEE HEE.. I'M GETTING A KICK OUTTA THIS!

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AND NOW, FOLKS, WITH THESE SIX-SHOOTERS OUT OF THE WAY, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO USE MY OWN! YOU'LL ALL REMAIN SEATED.. THIS IS A HOLD-UP!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! OF ALL THE DIRTY...

SINCE YOU'VE SEEN FIT TO TAKE MY GUN, MISTER.. IT'S ONLY FAIR I BORROW YOURS!

ANOTHER STEP AND I'LL BLAST YOUR HEAD OFF! I WARNED YOU!



BUT BEFORE THE PRAIRIE MAGICIAN HAS TIME TO PULL THE TRIGGER, A GRIP OF STEEL CIRCLES HIS GUN...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



DAY FOR JUSTICE

The warden at Western State Prison looked at Chad Benson and shook his head.

"You still aren't cured, Chad," he said. "You still haven't learned to let by-gones be by-gones!"

"I was framed, Warden," Chad Benson said. The eyes of the man, set in their frozen mask of hatred, flashed fire.

"Maybe," the warden said. "But it was you who were sent here for killing that guy at Pinebutte." He narrowed his eyes. "I know there's mistakes in justice, Chad, I know they're like a poison eating a man's heart out. But no matter what, you've served your time, you've paid your debt to the state of Nevada and now you've got a chance to go straight." He shook his head. "I don't know who it is you think framed you, but when you leave here, I'd stay away from him. As I remember your trial record, you got a pretty itchy finger with a six-gun."

Chad Benson smiled. But his frozen mask hadn't really changed. It was a smile of ice.

"Why, I don't aim to even touch a six-gun again, Warden," he said. "Reckon I'll get me a job as a rannyhan on some spread. 'Course if I happen to meet up with the guy who framed me, there's no reason I can't use my dukes on him instead of a gun."

The Warden nodded.

"Well, a five-day stretch in the town cooler for fighting is better than a life-term here, Chad," he said. "Maybe you've learned after all." He reached into the prison cash box, drew out a five dollar bill and handed it to Chad.

"Thanks, Warden," Chad said. He looked down at the cheap pair of jeans and boots the State had given him only that morning. He put the State's five dollar bill away in the jeans. "So long, Warden." Then he wheeled and walked stiffly to the door. At the door a guard escorted him outside to the prison yard.

His heart quickened, but he gave no sign of his excitement. The guard patted his shoulder in a friendly way at the gate.

"So long, Chad," he said. "Good luck."

Chad waved a careless hand.

"Take care of the place, Charlie," he said. "And keep the gates locked!" Again he flashed that frozen smile.

When he reached the corner, the smile had

vanished. Even the frozen mask of hatred was gone. Now a cold, calculating look of deep resolve had replaced it.

At the railroad station, Chad found he had enough fare to get him to Pinebutte. That Stan still lived in Pinebutte he'd heard from occasional, infrequent letters from old friends there. To cover his tracks, he didn't buy a ticket at the station, but paid for one on the train itself. That way, he reflected, the prison officials, if they were that interested, wouldn't be able to tell exactly where he'd gone. He needed only a few hours to do his work in. After that it would be a simple matter to put a couple of states between himself and pursuit.

If there was any pursuit, he mused to himself. Killing Stan in vengeance for having framed him could easily be done secretly. No one even need know that he was in Pinebutte at all.

Ten years, he thought. Ten years in prison he'd spent to satisfy justice for the State. Now Stan Siddon would see justice in the loud roar of a gun's mouth.

His hands twitched, as he thought of the long, cool length of a six-shooter. The warden had been right. He'd been known as a tricky man with a hog-leg. And vain about his guns, too. They had special silver inlay all over the barrel. Everybody in Pinebutte had known Chad's guns. That was why it had been so easy for Stan to steal one while Chad slept in the shack they bunked in together, steal out and kill his own enemy with it, then leave it by the dead body where it would be found to convict Chad. That and Chad's reputation for a fast gun had convinced the jury of his guilt.

His fists clenched into a ball. He knew Stan was guilty. The dead man had been his enemy, and only Stan could have stolen the gun as he lay sleeping. But the cold, hard-eyed men of a western jury didn't believe that. They'd said he was lucky getting off with only ten years, instead of being strung up right away and stowed in Boot Hill Cemetery.

Chad left the train at Flatrock, the town just before Pinebutte. A smaller place than Pinebutte, there were no loungers on the platform as he alighted. Instantly his eyes took in the horizon beyond Flatrock. Seven miles to the west was Pinebutte, and in between, the buttes

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and stands of pine that gave it its name. He skirted Flatrock, his fingers still itching for the feel of a gun. But he knew he didn't have enough money to buy one. Besides, it would have been dangerous to buy a gun in any case. Depending on what direction he'd have to flee in, it might be unwise to come high-tailing back through Flatrock after a murder.

That meant, he knew, that Stan Siddon would die by his own gun.

It was long past noon when Chad left Flatrock itself behind and started out for Pinebutte. The shack he and Stan had lived in when they'd been partners was outside of the town, set on ten acres of grazing land Stan had inherited from his father.

By five-thirty he'd managed to round Pinebutte itself, and pushed on toward Stan's ten acres, driven by hate.

It was just as the shack came into view, between two huge pine trees, that he saw Stan Siddon gallop up from the direction of the town. That it was Stan he didn't doubt for an instant. He'd know that shack of white hair, those broad shoulders anywhere. Throwing himself on the ground, he waited until Stan had drawn rein in front of his own door and gone into the shack. Then he raced up, dodging far cover from bush to mesquite bush.

The last lap to the shack was over a hundred feet. He made it on his belly, crawling silently. Reaching the back door, he drew himself to his feet and stood there panting, trying to get his breath.

Inside he could hear hurried, frenzied sounds. A puzzled look crossed Chad's face. It sounded as though drawers were being flung out on the floor and emptied. Panic ran through him. For some reason Stan was about to decamp. Putting a hand out, he gingerly opened the back door. It gave without a noise. Through the opening he saw Stan with his back to him. The room was in a shambles. Hurriedly Stan was tying up a small bundle. Then, with an oath, Stan dropped to his feet beside a small cashbox. He wrenched it open, seized the handful of dollar bills it contained and started putting them in a wallet.

Chad jumped. He landed on his heels just behind Stan. Both guns hanging from Stan's holsters snapped back into Chad's hands. With a growl, Stan whirled.

"What the dev . . . , " he began. Abruptly his eyes widened in fear. "Chad Benson! You . . . " he gulped. "You got sprung?"

Chad smiled grimly. He drew back the hammers of both of the guns and watched Stan lick dry lips.

"You dirty, framin' rock-toad," he began softly. "I promised myself I'd never rest until I killed you, Stan, far what you did to me, and now I will!" His eyes fell on the cash in Stan's hands. "And it'll be your own dough that'll make my get-a-way easier!"

"Listen, Chad," Stan interrupted, hurriedly. "You gotta listen! Never mind what I did. Never mi . . . "

Both guns roared. Stan staggered back, clutching at his heart. He twisted in agony, then crumpled with a crash to the floor.

Chad bent, breathing heavily. He was about to gather up the cash when a voice behind him spoke: "Reach, stranger!"

Chad's guns tumbled to the floor. Standing up he turned. A man with a tin-star stood there, covering him with six-guns.

"I'm the Sheriff," the man said. "Been a little killin' here, hey?" He paused. "What's your name?"

Chad shrugged. They had him dead to rights now. This was no killing far which he'd been framed. For this one he'd hang.

"My name's Chad Benson," he said sullenly.

The Sheriff's brows shot up.

"That name's familiar . . . , " he began musingly. Then his eyes lighted up in recognition. "I remember the farmer Sheriff tellin' me about you. Killed a man didn't you?"

"Na, I didn't," Chad said bitterly. "This coyote did. Only he framed me for it. For ten years in the State pen, I swore I'd have justice when I got out — my kind of justice!"

The Sheriff shook his head. He took out a pair of handcuffs and clamped them on Chad Benson's wrists.

"I heard tell you were too fast in your judgments," he said. "You didn't have to kill Stan Siddon if you wanted justice — or revenge. He shot a man to death over a card game in Pinebutte an hour ago. He lit out for home to get his money and high-tail it. I was on my way out here to arrest him for murder!"

The End

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1932, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 2, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 303) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF "ROCKY LANE WESTERN," published monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for Sept. 16, 1946.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher — Edward Levy, New Haven, Connecticut.

Editor and Managing Editor — Burton N. Levy, Orange, Conn.

Business Manager, John Santangelo, Derby, Connecticut.

2. The names and addresses of stockholders, officers and editors must be stated and immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of stock, and by whom it is controlled, and the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.

Song Hits, Inc., Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut.

Edward Levy, New Haven, Connecticut

John Santangelo, Derby, Connecticut

The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears to be the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the name in the two paragraphs above the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances under which the named person holds the stock or securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

BURTON N. LEVY, Editor
(IRAL)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1946.
Burton N. Levy, Notary Public
(My commission expires April 1, 1947)



ROPPIN' N' RIDIN' With *Allan "Rocky" Lane*

AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH RAYFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Howdy, Pards.

Black Jack and I rolled back home again yesterday, winding up another interesting trip. This time we rambled through parts of the great Northwest, camping out most every night.

A bear came poking around our camp one night and got himself into a peck of trouble. A bear is a nosy and grumpy animal and they seem to always be on the prod, for no reason at all.

I was just falling asleep and didn't hear the varmint until he got caught. I reckon he stuck his snoot into a can of baking powder I forgot to put the cover back on and when he took a sniff, some of it went up his nose, and when he tried to open his mouth to sneeze, his snoot wedged in deeper and got stuck. He went high-tailing it out of there, busting down the timber every jump of the way. I laughed till I thought my sides would split, but I reckon that grizzly learned a lesson he won't forget in a hurry about poking his nose in other folks' things.

Well, Pards, I reckon Black Jack and I better start getting the chores done. So, so long and good luck! We'll be in touch with you in our next issue and from the movie screen.

Yours for more action. Your pals,

Allan Rocky Lane
and BLACK JACK U

P.S. - Both Black Jack and I hope you will see our latest movie adventures now showing on your local theatre screens.



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

HE WAS ONE BULLET AWAY FROM DEATH WHEN JEAN FARGO MET...

The STRANGER

I SURE WISH THAT NEW SHERIFF HAD ARRIVED BY NOW! RIDING DOWN TO BUCKLETON LIKE THIS, WITH ALL THE GOLD FROM OUR MINE, I'M A SITTING DUCK FOR BANDITS! DAD WARNED ME ABOUT ONE IN PARTICULAR...A DEADLY KILLER!



TWO OF 'EM... GOT ME AMBUSHED REAL PROPER... AND MY ARM WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER! DAD TOLD ME... SAID THIS GUNSLINGER WHO'S GOT THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE TERRIFIED SPECIALIZES IN DRYGULCHING!



I'LL NEVER GET THERE NOW! LUCKY IF I ESCAPE WITH MY LIFE! W-HY COULDN'T THAT SHERIFF'VE GOTTEN HERE SOONER?



I'M DONE FOR NOW! I... I WONDER WHICH ONE OF 'EM IS COULTER... DAD SAYS HE CAN SMELL GOLD A MILE AWAY! AND HE NEVER LEAVES A VICTIM ALIVE TO TELL ABOUT HIS ROBBERIES...



SOMEONE UP THERE ON THE ROCKS... ARGHHHH!

DIVE FOR COVER, MA'M... BULLETS BOUNCING AROUND... ACCIDENTAL-LIKE... MIGHT NICK YOU!

BLAM! BLAM!



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ONE OF THOSE MEN YOU SHOT DOWN MUST'VE BEEN THE KILLER EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT... JEFF COULTER'S HIS NAME! SAY, I'LL JUST BET A COOKY YOU'RE THE NEW SHERIFF!

SHERIFF?
WELL...ER...NOT QUITE!

I'VE BEEN CALLED A NUMBER OF THINGS IN MY LIFETIME... BUT NEVER "SHERIFF." IT'S RIGHT KIND OF YOU TO THINK OF ME AS ONE, MA'M. I'M JUST A PLAIN OL' COWPOKE WHO HAD A CHANCE TO HELP A CHARMIN' LADY! THERE'S BUCKLETON, AROUND THE BEND...



HERE'S THE BANK... YOUR GOLD'S SAFE!

AND SO AM I. THANKS TO YOUR HELP, I MUST TELL THE MEN IN TOWN HOW YOU RESCUED ME. THEY'LL BE ANXIOUS TO SHAKE YOUR HAND AND...

WEREN'T NUTHIN', MA'M! I GOTTA GET MOVING NOW...

WAIT! AREN'T YOU EVEN GOING TO TELL ME YOUR NAME? DAD WILL WANT TO REWARD YOU...



FUNNY... I NEVER MET A NICER, SHVER MAN! OH... HELLO, MR. HARTZ! WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE NAILING UP?

ONE OF THEM OUTLAW POSTERS, MISS FARGO! A PITCHER OF THE MOST RUTHLESS BANDIT IN THE WHOLE WEST! YOU EVER FALL INTO THIS KILLER'S HANDS... YOU'RE DEAD!

THAT'S THE BUTCHER WHO... W-WHIS FARGO! SHE... SHE FAINTED!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in the
CAVERN OF DEATH



WHAT IS IT, CHIEF ? SOME BAND OF HAIR-TRIGGERED RUSTLERS ON THE RAMPAGE THAT NEED ROUNDING UP ?

NOT THIS TIME, ROCKY ! THERE'S A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS HEADING OUT THIS WAY FROM THE EAST !



SCIENTISTS ?

RIGHT ! THEY'RE COMING IN ON THE 2:45 ! I WANT YOU TO MEET THEIR TRAIN AND SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO THEM ! WE DON'T WANT THE FOLKS BACK EAST TO GET THE WRONG IMPRESSION ABOUT US OUT HERE IN THE WEST !



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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

HALF AN HOUR LATER, IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL IN TOWN --

SHOTS !!! EXCUSE ME : GENTS, I'LL SEE YOU LATER ! WE'LL WAIT FOR YOU HERE BEFORE WE START LOOKING FOR THE GAS DEPOSITS !



THERE HE GOES ! FASTER, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD ! WE'VE GOT TO ROUND UP THAT JASPER AND FIND OUT WHAT THE SHOOTING'S ABOUT !



FASTER, BLACK JACK ! THERE HE GOES HEADING PAST THAT CAVE ! A FEW MORE HUNDRED YARDS AND WELL HAVE HIM !



AND WITHOUT WARNING ---



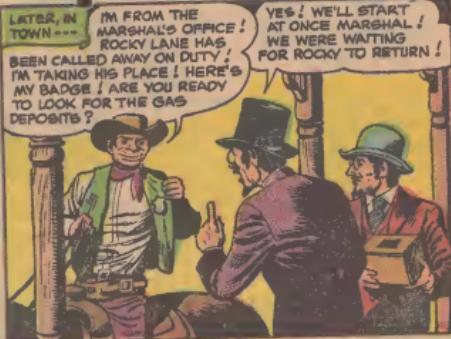
IT'S A TRAP !



RIGHT ! AND ONE YOU'RE NOT GITTIN' OUT OF ALIVE ! THIS TAKES CARE OF YOU, ROCKY LANE !



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



THE HEROIC ROCKY LANE'S KEEN MIND TURN THE DEADLY ACCURACY OF THE BLIND RATTLESNAKE FROM A THREAT OF DOOM INTO A DESPERATE CHANCE OF ESCAPE--



THE INFURIATED RATTLER STRIKES WITH THE UNERRING INSTINCT OF ITS KIND, EMPTYING ITS DEADLY VENOM INTO ROCKY LANE'S HEELS!



THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM, I RECKON! IT TAKES TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FOR A RATTLER'S POISON SACS TO REFILL AFTER STRIKING — WHICH MAKES THE VARMINT PLUMB HARMLESS! NOW TO RUB THESE ROPES OFF-- LIKE THIS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROCKY LANE SWIFTLY SLASHES
THE BONDS OF HIS FELLOW
CAPTIVES --

THANK
YOU, ROCKY!
YOU
SAVED
OUR
LIVES!

NO TIME FOR THAT
NOW! FOLLOW ME!
I'VE A SHOWDOWN
TO CALL--PRONTO!



GET GOING, BLACK
JACK! WE'RE HEADING
FOR THE CLAIM OFFICE
AND A MITE OF ACTION!



BONN--



AS THE FASTEST DRAW IN THE WEST IS UNLEASHED IN
A TWINKLING BLUR OF SPEED--



NOW TO TAKE MY BADGE
BACK AND TEACH YOU
CLAIM-JUMPING THIN-
HORNS NOT TO BUCK
THE LAW IN THE
FUTURE!



SIT IN THAT
HOOSICK,
YUH MANGY
COYOTES!

ER, WE WISH TO THANK YOU FOR SAVING
OUR LIVES, ROCKY, BUT HOW IN THE
WORLD WILL WE EVER BE ABLE TO?



DON'T USE THAT GAS DEPOSIT FOR COLLECT-
ING FOSSILS. THE FOLKS IN THIS TOWN CAN
PUT THE GAS TO A HEAP BETTER USE, I
RECKON ... AND YOU GENTS CAN HAVE A HEAP
MORE FUN COLLECTING
THE FOSSILS FROM
THE GLACIER BY HAND!
SO LONG, AND GOOD
LUCK!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WESTERN QUIZ !!

1) BUFFALO BILL NEVER SHOT A BUFFALO IN HIS LIFE! WHAT ANIMALS DID HE SHOOT???



2) EACH FEATHER IN AN INDIAN'S BONNET DENOTES A BRAVE DEED THAT HAS BEEN HONORED BY HIS TRIBE. WHAT KIND OF FEATHERS DID THEY USE??



3) TWO OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS OUTLAW GANGS WERE THE DALTONS AND THE JAMES BROTHERS. IN WHAT YEARS DID THEY OPERATE??



4) EVEN AT THIS LATE DATE THE SEMINOLE INDIANS ARE STILL TECHNICALLY AT WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES. IN WHAT STATE DO THESE INDIANS LIVE??



QUIZ ANSWERS...

#1-THE AMERICAN BISON. BUFFALO ARE FOUND PRINCIPALLY IN AFRICA AND INDIA. #2-THEY USED EAGLE FEATHERS IN THEIR BONNETS. #3-1865 TO 1880. THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD.

#4-FLORIDA.

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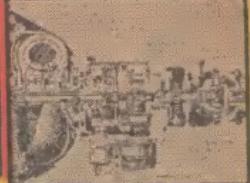
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